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## ANTISTROPHE II.

On cruel Scylla let the mind reflect,  
Exposed to hatred by the treach'rous act,  
Who, all inflam'd by Minos' charms,  
Her sire lull'd in Somnus' arms,  
Stole from his head the fatal hair, un-  
check'd,

Nor thought nor dreamt he of the secret  
harm,

And Hermes, of the shady nation,  
Convey'd him to his destin'd station.

## STROPHE III.

And 'mongst those horrid ills we trace,  
The present claims distinguish'd place—

The hateful nuptials, the illicit bed;  
'Gainst Argos' king, oppress with woes,  
Admir'd and dreaded by his foes,

The foul devices of a wicked head;  
The cheerless hearth, the fell domestic  
strife,

The weapon urg'd against a husband's life.

## ANTISTROPHE III.

But worst since men drew natal breath,  
The Lemnian curse, of general death,

A subject still of horror and of grief;  
Those females, cruel, false, unkind,  
In ours, exact resemblance find,

Inspir'd by jealousy, of woes the chief.  
Then fell mankind, with black disgrace  
oppress,

For no one honours what the gods detest.

## STROPHE IV.

But say, will those foul deeds,  
With which our country bleeds,

Escape the dire punishment due?

No, justice! sharpen'd sword  
Will sweet revenge afford,  
And clear the sore, of sable hue.

For her dread laws must not  
Be trampled and forgot—  
Yet by command of vicious love,  
Have mortals scorn'd the might of Jove.

## ANTISTROPHE IV.

Yes, firm unshaken place  
Holds justice' sacred base,

Defying storms, its ground retains;  
Fate points the deathful spear,  
Adultery sinks in fear,

A son his native rights regains.  
The furies, fierce, untam'd,  
For signal vengeance fann'd,  
To pierce the deep designing heart,  
Prepare the hostile venom'd dart.

*To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.*

SIR,

I send you some lines which I believe,  
never were published, tho' deserving pub-  
lication. They were, at the time, said  
to be written by the late Lord Mountjoy,

then Luke Gardiner, but I have reason to  
think the author was Colonel Jephson,  
author of some plays, and a poem called  
Roman Portraits. I am, sir, yours,  
August, 6. M.

Prologue spoken by Mr. Gardiner, in the  
character of a king of Ulster at Shane's  
Castle, March the 30th, and April the  
3d. 1781. the scene, a wood, and very  
gloomy, he rose on a trap to soft mu-  
sic, the dress as described by Hume, a  
mantle of Tiger skin, saffron sleeves,  
gold leather harness round the body, a  
helmet and plume, the legs and arms  
bare, half boots edged with fur; broad  
sword, battle-ax and a shield, with the  
bloody hand, the arms of the O'Neill  
family.

Rous'd from the peaceful caverns of the  
lake,

Where I have slept for ages,—lo! I  
wake,

Behold this plume, pluck'd from the phœ-  
nix tail,

My arms, the bloody hand; my name  
O'NEILL.

The voice of joy, and revelry from far,  
Broke on mine ear, like the sweet sound  
of war.

As cold I lay beneath the hollow ground,  
The castle's blaze, the harp's harmonious  
sound,

Restored my sense, and wing'd my wil-  
ling feet;

To view the grandeur of my antient seat.  
Here 'midst the pastimes of this busy  
scene

Invisible myself, your sports I've seen;  
But heav'n's! how chang'd these objects  
now appear,

The beauties of my woods alone are here.  
For lo! these walls, where instruments  
of death,

Were wont to frown upon the lake be-  
neath,

These walls which erst my hard-earn'd  
banners bore

Lacquer'd with brains, and smear'd with  
human gore,

What various ornaments they now display,  
Pictures and gold disposed in bright  
array?

What magic's this? that wheresoe'er I  
pass,

My shadow stares at me in burnish'd  
glass,

Which ne'er before I saw, save when I  
stood,

And viewed my form reflected in the  
flood.

What magic's this? that full blown flow'rs  
appear,

While winter's cold still checks the preg-  
nant year.

These beauties may to boys diversion  
yield,  
But please not me,—my sport's the embattled field;  
My plaything, war,—my toy, the sword  
and spear,  
Rape in my front, and rapine in my rear.  
And strange it is that men resist those  
charms  
Nor seize yon damsels by the force of  
arms;  
For had our women been so wond'rous fair,  
There's not a chieftain, but had had his  
share;  
And I, as Ulster's lord supreme confest,  
Had at my will these beauties all pos-  
sess'd.

But times indeed are chang'd, your ta-  
ble's fill'd  
With all the ransack'd earth and sea can  
yield,  
Far other was my fare in days of yore,  
When crowds I feasted on Lough Neagh's  
shore.  
My hall yon boundless canopy of air;  
My guests a province, Slemish brow, my  
chair,  
There oxen whole bespread the moun-  
tain's side  
Roasted on trees or seeth'd in reeking  
hides.  
While usquebaugh,—rich liquor! Ire-  
land's boast,  
In flowing madders swelled the unnum-  
ber'd host;  
Nor ceas'd the bards their sounding  
strings to join,  
Attun'd to glorious deeds!—those  
deeds were mine.

But now that spirit's fled—this peace-  
ful isle,  
Can 'midst the din of war securely smile:  
Sare token this, that Phelim's now a shade,  
And Hugh and Shan, in dust forever  
laid.  
Else in these bustling times, this bloody  
band  
Had scatter'd desolation thro' the land,  
Nor ever brook'd that martial toil should  
cease,  
And feats of war be chang'd to sports of  
peace.

But since 'tis thus, it glads my soul to  
see  
This castle's lord still emulous of me;  
To see that choice has given him a com-  
mand  
Of valiant soldiery a numerous band.  
To see my issue noble still has prov'd,  
And as I once was fear'd, so he is loved.  
Happy that to his fortune he has join'd  
A gentle dame, of polish'd form and  
mind;

While he supports the honors of his race,  
She decks these honors with superior  
grace:

But hark!—The Banshee calls—I must  
away,  
O'NEILL himself her summons must obey.

#### OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN,

PARAPHRASED.

O THOU, who roll'st above in glory  
bright,  
Round as the shield my fathers bore in fight,  
Whence are thy beams, O sun, that never  
rest?

Thou comest in thy awful beauty drest,  
Each star hides in the sky its sparkling  
head,

And the pale moon sinks in her watry bed.  
But thou thyself in greatness mov'st  
alone,

Thou hast no partner in thy radiant throne  
On mountain tops the mighty oaks decay,  
And mountains too, when years have roll'd  
away;

The roaring ocean shrinks and grows again,  
The moon herself renews her nightly reign,  
When the dark tempest clouds the azure  
skies,

When roaring thunder rolls and lightning  
flies,

Thou lookest forth in beauty bright and  
warm,

And from the skies thou laughest at the  
storm.

Thou lookest—but my days of night are o'er,  
And Ossian can behold thy beams no more,  
Whether thy yellow hair flows in the east,  
Whether thou tremblest in the dewy west,  
Perhaps like me thy years shall have an  
end,

Perhaps thy radiant head to time will bend,  
Perhaps within the dusky clouds thou'lt  
sleep,

And leave the morn in vain for thee to  
weep,

Exult then in thy youthful strength, O sun,  
Ere gloomy, dark, unlovely age comes on.

'Tis like the moon, when scarce his glim-  
mering light,

Shines thro' the broken clouds, nor glads  
the sight;

When the thick mist has risen above the  
hill,

And the north wind blows cold, and damp,  
and chill,

The traveller feels and shrinks beneath the  
wind,

When half his journey scarce is left  
behind.

FLORELLA.